

hands in his trouser-pockets and a most engaging smile.

"Let me present Joe Wood, our star pitcher," said Stahl.

"No wonder the girls send you mash notes," thought I, but I asked, "What do you say to the girls who write you?"

Wood turned reproachful eyes upon Stahl, as he stammered: "I pay no attention to them."

"Where does the reason for your paying no attention to them live?" was my next question.

"That's right," chuckled Stahl. "Grill him good."

The boy—for the 22-year-old pitcher who has made such a phenomenal record this year is very boyish, turned at bay and "fessed up."

"Well, if you mean the REAL girl," he said, "she lives in Kansas City."

It must have been a boy and girl affair, for young Wood lived and was graduated from the high school in Kansas City. He started to take a law course at college, but as he says, "baseball became rather interesting about that time."

This is Wood's second year in the big league and he certainly is making good.

Continuing on the subject of "mash notes" he said: "I can't see why any girl should write to a man she has only seen on the diamond, for I think that we in uniforms are only surpassed in ugliness by the fellows in football togs."

"It's a funny thing, though, that a fellow gets these letters

just after he has made a good play. I have doped it out that little Miss Homebody is anxious to get into the limelight. I'll bet she is the same girl that writes to the man who murders his wife or gets in jail for having too many of them." From which it will be seen that the girl letter writers do not get much satisfaction out of Joe.

Wood has an ambition to become the greatest pitcher of all time. He did not say this while I was talking to him, but I could see it nicely embedded in the back of his closely-cropped head, just the same.

"I never touch liquor of any kind and do not drink coffee or tea while I am playing ball," he said. "I attend strictly to the game, for I have seen many a promising player sent back to the tall grass because he could not resist eating and drinking with the friends who called him a good fellow. This restaurant good fellow business never gets you anywhere."

You can see from this that Wood is nursing an ambition which it looks as if he would accomplish. Holding the American league record for pitching, at 22, after only two years' experience in fast company, he is likely to surprise the oldest baseball statistician before he is 25. At present he is very level headed, very enthusiastic and very much determined to play the game for all that it is worth, and he stands for a type of young baseball player which does honor to the profession.